OLD MEMORIES OF AN ARTIST.

A GROUP OF QUEER PERSONS. DEMINISCENCES OF LOUIS NAPOLEON, MRS. SOMER-VILLE WOOD, LORD BROUGHAM, SILK BUCK-INGHAM, THE COUNT JOANNES AND OTHERS.

To The Editor of The Tribune. SIR: In 1848 there lived in Charlotte-st., Portland-place, a sub-aristocratic quarter of London, a Mrs. Somerville Wood, an old friend of our family. She had once been a fashionable beauty herself and was the mother of another great London beauty, the Honorable Mrs. Stanhope, some relation by marriage, I presume, of the still more famous Lady Hester Stanhope. At the time I remember Mrs. Somerville Wood, she was the queerest-looking old lady I ever saw. Her face made one think of the Yellowstone region, the Yosemite, the moon, or any locality where the forces of nature have been particularly active; but more of the Yellowstone on account of the color. She was not so much corrugated as dew-lapt all over. She wore a false front of curious black corls, which came down over one eye, a cap which seemed to be without form and void, but pervaded her whole head, while her face and chin were swathed in gauze, or net, or lace, or something it would take a lady or a dry goods clerk to designate. Her house was as dowdy as herself, being filled with curious and valuable ernaments and knicknacks, from Burmese gods to Valenciennes tidies, or as they were then called, anti-macassars. But she gave most excellent dinners and delightful receptions, and in spite of ner odd appearance, was a woman of strong mind and bright conversational ability. She was a great bunter of celebrities, and like all her class dragged some queer cephalapoda and sticklebats in her net along with the big fish.

She once invited me specially to meet Prince Louis Napoleon at dinner, but I actually did not think a mere exiled Frenchman of title of sufficient importance to jut myself out of the way for, and I secepted a more congenial invitation. Had I known that he was 'afterward to be Emperor of France, I doubt whether I should have treated the invitation so cavalierly. I met him afterward, however, several times at receptions and children's parties, and we struck up quite a little go-as you-please acquaintance. I remember his most amiably playing all one evening on the piano for the children to dance. Afterward, as we stood side by side, he indicated one of the dancers by a slight motion of the head, a most exquisitely beautiful child of about fourteen, with jet-black ringlets and large dark eyes, half Spanish, half peri, and said: "How would you like that for your little wife,

I stammered something about her being a mere child, and myself little more, etc., etc.

"Oh, in time, in time, of course; in two, three, years, she will be a Juno "-indicating about six feet in height with his hand-" and you will be older than fifty. But"-and he dropped his eyes to the carpet and his band to his side-" she will be a Countess some day."

She was the daughter, I believe, of a musician of much talent and some reputation at that time. Many years afterward I heard that she actually had attained a considerable position and rank under the Second Empire. Perhaps the Emperor took care to fulfil his own prophecy.

After the party we walked down Portland-place together, smoking cigars. As we passed a policeman the Prince said :

"Those are very useful fellows, those; and very civil, too I think they would fight, too, a little; but what is the use? You will never have any fighting in England, not for two thousand years. Bill Smith gives Tom Jones whack! bang! on the nose; black eye; policeman; Bow-st.; five shillings fine; swear; d-n my eyes! go home; two or three pots o' beer" ;-shrugging his shoulders-"that is all. No! Englishmen who want to fight must do their fighting in India, Africa, Egypt-where there are no policemen and no Row-st. Oh. ves. there is plenty, plenty of room for Englishmen to fight, all over the world. You will have some very lively dancing parties yet around the Mediterranean and Bosphorus and-I will play the piano, ch ?" And here he gave a short pleasant laugh, and then resumed: "Yes, you are right in choosing India for your field of action." (I had been offered a cadetship.) "There is a fine career always open for a young man there, and you may yet cross swords with the Muscovite in Aighanistan, and come nome to Portland-place

with a paté de foie gras for a liver and fifty thousand pounds at your banker's."

At Mrs. Wood's house I met the well-known fun and fame in New-York; Silk Buckingham, who once wrote a book on the United States when the United States was all spittoons and boardinghouses; and one Dr. Ackerly, a very eccentric individual, who would now be called a crank and probably bustled off to a lunatic asylum. George Jones was then quite a good-looking man of about thir.y with black hair and clean-shaven face, and might be described to perfection by the present slang expression, "fresh" He was exceedingly "fresh," and with an amount of "brass" that fairly took the breath away. He generously gave himself and his giory to England, claiming that land as his native country; but England, or at least that part of it which was aware of his existence, with equal magnammity, gave him back to America. looked upon with a good deal of suspicion, partly on account of the "freshness" and "brass" just mentioned, and partly on account of numerous unsettled board bills. It was at this time that he outlished a blank-verse tragedy called "Tecnmsch," and a history of Accient America. Mrs. Wood, out of compliment to Jones, purchased a copy of the latter work at an expense of a guinea or a guinea and a balf. Jones, calling on her a few days after, found the book lying on her table, when he took up pen and ink and wrote on the fly leaf: "With the kind regards of the Author-George Jones." No doubt he thought he was doing quite a proper and complimentary thing, but Mrs. Wood's indignation can readily be imagined. Of course he was a chattertox, and used to rattle off a great deal of stupid nousense in a very vivacious style. One day I met him at the house of a rich lady of fashion, when the subject of broken legs being under discussion he rattled off a number of ancient puns about "Leg I see" (legacy), "L. E. G." (elegy), and so on, until he had made everyone teel as if on thorns; and leee" (legacy), "L. E. G." (elegy), and so on, until he had made everyone teel as if on thorns; and then we went to lunch. The lunch was only the recular household tiffin, but elegantly served with the accessories of silver plate and liveried footmen. There were only four of us present, merely casual visitors, who had "happened to drop in" at lunch time. In the centre of the table was a magnificent hothouse pine-apple. Now in those cays in England a pine-apple was the luxury of luxuries, costing from one to two guineas, and this one was placed on the table chiefly as an ornament, to be reproduced and consumed at the more important meal of dinner. What was my surprise, then, to see Mr. Jones transfer it to a dish in front of him, and after the most polite and hospitable invitation to his hostess to partake thereof, to commence peeling and carving it in the most scientific manner. I could see that the lady winced at this solecism but nevertheless had the good taste to accept a pertion of it, though I feel sure it almost choked her.

Jones was very intimate with Silk Buckingham, who was at about this time organizing a sort of

Jones was very intimate with Silk Buckingham, Jones was very intimate with Silk Buckingham, who was at about this time organizing a sort of club for Indies and gentlemen in Hanover-square, which he called The British and Foreign Institute. It was a most excellent scheme, but failed owing to the unjust and malicious ridicule heaped upon it by Douglas Jerrold in Panch. In order to promote the interests of this institution a public meeting was called in a hall, where Lord Brougham, Silk Buckingham, George Jones and many other speak. was called in a hall, where Lord Brougham, Silk Buckingham, George Jones and many other speakers were seated in the gallery. When Mr. Buckingham had finished his speech, explaining the nature of the proposed institution, there suddenly arose close to me a queer, bushy-headed individual who in a loud, squeaky voice demanded to know "Whether Mr. Buckingham had used Lord Valentia's plates in diustrating his work on Italy." All looked astonished, and but few understood what it means It proved afterward to be some old scandal which this crack-brained Dr. Ackerly had raked up. Lord Brougham jumped to his feet like a jack-in-the-box and leaning over exchanged a few whispered words with Buckingham; then straightening himself up, bellowed out:

"No! u-o! no! Are you satisfied now? N-o! no!
Dow sit down?"

Dr. Ackerly mumbled something and took his seat. Brougham with his big nose and angular functions of the superstances in Purch that I

seat. Brougham with his big nose and angular figure looked so like his caricatures in Punch that I shall never forget him. Some allusion having been trade to the United States, George Jones, the only American present, was called upon to reply. Everyone in tear and trembling expected a long, surread-sagle ofation, but to the immense relief of all, particularly Lord Brougham and Mr. Buckingham, as they afterward confessed, he merely spoke

a few appropriate and judicious words, and then sat down.

As I have said, The British and Foreign Institute

As I have said, The British and Foreign Institute did not succeed, in spite of Mr. Buckingham's teeth (and he had the whitest set I have ever seen outside of a Bowery show-case). It did not succeed, not from not deserving success, but because Punch gave it unpleasant notoriety as the "British and Foreign Destitute." The idea was to have an elegant literary club of which people of all nations and both sexes, as well as strangers, when properly introduced, could avail themselves.

Mr. Buckingham's son, Leicester Stanhope Forbes Young Buckingham, a name certainly long enough to reach down to the remotest posterity, has since made a mark in connection with the drams, and was then engaged on his first literary effort, a defence of that very much defended young woman, Mary Queen of Scots. This particular defender was at that time a slim, pleasing young man, with a head of hair like that of the elder Dumas and manners of the younger Toots. Manners of the younger Toots.

New-York, Jan. 17, 1883. FRANK BELLEW.

THE CONSTANT HEART. From The Midwinter (February) Century. Sadde songe is out of season
When birdes and lovers mate,
When soule to soule must paye swete toll
And tate be joyned with fale;
Sadde songe and wofull thought controle
This constant heart of myne,
And make news love a treason

And make newe love a treason Unto my Valentine.

How shall my wan tippes utter
Their summons to the dedde,—
Where nowe repeate the promise swete,
So farre my love hath fledd?
My onely love! What musicke fleet
Shall crosse the walle that barres?
To earthe the burthen mutter,
Or singe it to the stars. Unto my Valentine.

Perchance she dwelles a spirite
In beautye undestroyed
Where brightest starrs are closely sett
Farre out beyonde the voyd;
If Margaret be risen yet
Her looke will hither turne. I knowe that she will beare it And all my trewe heart learne.

But if no resurrection
Unseale her dwe lings lowe,
If one so fayre must bide her there
Until the trumps shall blowe,
Nathlesse shall Love outvie Despaire,
(Whitst constant heart is myne)
And, rebbed of her perfection,
Be faithful to her shrine. Be faithful to her shrine.

At this blythe season bending
He whisper to the clodde,
To the chill grasse where shadowes passe
And leaflesse branches nodde;
There keepe my watche, and crye—Alas
That Love may not forzet,
That Joye must have swifte ending
And Life be laggard yet!
—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

ENGLISH SMOKING-ROOMS.

ENGLISH SMORING-ROOMS.

One element of cosiness, however, we have which our ancestors had not—the smoking-room; and we take it that no house, especially if it be in the country, can be deemed complete without its smoking-room. But of course there are smoking-rooms and smoking-rooms. . . but in one respect smoking-room owners are agreed—in the taea that there should not be the smallest attempt at formality or rigid arrangement about them; that, just as disjointed, easy-howing, spontaneous smoking-room chat is the pleasantest of all conversation, so the careless, numethodical appearance of a smoking-room is most soothing to the man wearien with toil or pleasure. Its chairs are intended to essatin; one may move about without being in constant dread of shattering costly ornaments or of disurbing the mathematically precise arrangement of furniture; one may laugh, or sing, or whistle, or dance if one feels so disposed—in fact, one may act as a free agent, unbound by formality, or exequette, or enactments of society. A man's real nature comes out in his smoking-room decoration, just as in his smoking-room chat. Men who have no more appreciation of high art than their dogs, are obliged to conform to popular tashion, and to furnish their drawing and dining rooms in high-art style. Sir Gorgins Midas crams his keeping-rooms with costly gimerackery about which he knows or cares as little as about quadratic equations. Mrs. Smith must overload her walls with narmonies sud symphonies simply because Mrs. Brown does; but a man's smoking-room is generally a pretty accurate index of his nature and character. Otten we may read the whole history of a man's life in the decoration of his smoking-room as clearly as in a book. Here will be found the attletic trophics of his position data. The whole history of a man's life in the decoration of his smoking-room as clearly as in a book. read the whole history of a man's life in the decoration of his smoking-room as clearly as in a book. Here will be found the athletic trophes of his youthful days—the well-pegged cricket-bat off which he made so many "fours" at school; the goblets he won upon the runcing-path; the travelstained flag which waved at the bow of the four-oar he stroked on Thames, Severn, Seine and Loire; the alpenstock, branded with the names of genuine mountain conquests; oid football caps; his academic "merial-board"; carrios picked up in all parts of the world and a hundred other oid trifles of an ovalue, as the advertisements say, to anyone but the owner. Trephies of the chase may adorn the walls, or hunting sketches, or specimens of his own a amateur handlwork banished from other domestic regions by the severely trained judgment of his better-half, of photographs of misself in every variety of posture and ostume but those sanctioned in the album on the drawing-room table. As to tooks—well, if there are any they are only of the very lightest calibre, and generally in a yellow-back form.

A man in his smoking-room is what he rarely is

an in his smoking-room is what he rarely is A man in his smoking-room is what no rarely is elsewhere—his own self. He is absolute monarch between these four walls; his tongue moves freely, his ideas run smoothly, he is neither better nor worse than auyone else; the laugh rises heartily to his lips, his stories are twice as well told as elsewhere, his jokes twice as pungent—and, perhaps best of all, he may dress exactly as he tleases, and where, may dress exactly as he Heases, and may produce himself in the most comfort-inducing attitude without any fear of violating the proprieties. With what genume joy does he, when the formal dinner party is over, cast off his "warpaint" put on ms seediest shooting jacket and his oldest slippers, and with a choice crony or two adjourn to the smoking-room for an hour's uprestrained chat! After a good run with the hounds, or a seven hours' straking about the City, he counts the very minutes until the happy hour of smoking comes. The enemies of meotine may thunder their scientific arguments and pour forth their diatribes, but so long as an Englishman's house is his castie, so long will the invaluerable keep of that eastle be his smoking-room.

AN IMPERIAL HOME IN HUNGARY.

From The London Standard.

It must puzzle many an Englishman to hear—at least, so it is stated in the journals—that their imperial Majesties have an especial predilection for Goudollo, since it is far behind the Austrian Castles in beauty and cove ience. But the newspaper reports are for the most part exaggerated. Castles in beauty and cove ience. But the newspaper reports are for the most part exaggerated. The Court has resided during a few autimu months only in Godollo—on the one hand, because the commencement of the session of the Hungarian Diet demands the presence of the King in Hungary; and on the other because in these parts, though the summer is coppressively hot, the autumn is chiefly mild, sometimes lasting till December, while in the Austr an Alps winter sets in early. For two years after the latest street riots, the sojourn of their Majesties was limited to a few short weeks. In the present year it lasts unusually long, partly to make good the above minus by a plus;partly, too, because the Onesn does not yest Ireland her Majesty baypresent year it lasts unusually long, partly to make good the aboue minus by a plus;partly, too, because the Queen does not visit Ireland her Majesty having introduced the fox hunt here, for which the Rakos affords a splendid field. To these may be added the reconstruction of the Imperial Burg in Vienna, and the displeasure caused by the state of potitical effairs in Austria; above all, the violent national conflicts. Certainly it is not to be denied that the Empress likes very much to stay in Godollo. The explanation is to be sought in her preference for the Magyars, but still more in the fact that Godollo is to the Empress Elizabeth what Balmoral is to our Queen. Schonbrunn and Luxemburg are crowded with Viennese and belong to the metropolis. Ischel swarms with rich Jews. In Godollo, on the contrary, her Majesty is really in burg are crowded with Vieunese and belong to the metropolis. Ischel swarms with rich Jews. In Godollo, on the contrary, her Majesty is really in the country, and is freed from the fetters of etiquette. The peasants of the district are accustomed to her appearance, the few residents of Pesth who live there in animum return to town in September, so that quiet and solitude reign there. There the Empress is no longer an Empress, but a lady only. She follows her inclination for sport, which is not so passionate as is supposed, since it leaves her time for mental occupation, and for the exercise of her duties as mistress of the house and mother. In Godollo the Empress may quote the words of Goethe: "Here I am a human being, and dare to be one."

A WEATHER ITEM.

From The Bodie FreePress.

This is the kind of weather when the coyote turns out and gets up an appetite by running a rabbit town before breakfast. It is the kind of weather out and gets up an appetite by running a rabbit down before breakfast. It is the kind of weather that brings from retirement the overcoat, the mince-pie, and dreams of falling out of high brick houses and teing run over by street cars. And also the weather whose bugle calls summon home the four-bits-a-pound turkey and the hot drink, the imported oyster and the Christmas present; the weather when the New Year's card is abroad and the wails of the reformer stalk upon every hurrying blast and creep into graves of forgetionness ere the corpse of the holidays is cold in the silent tomb. It is in this character of atmosphere that sad thoughts of what became of his last summer's wages drift into the melancholy musings of the young but "zoon" man, who has wandered away from his mamma and the little once at home. The average maiden, who is more than holding her own in the column of souls marching in the wake of teeting time to the grave-strewn field of eternity, meditates upon the possibilities of fortune or myitations to the approaching social events, and out of the presence of the beautiful snow rise hosts of conflicting emotions and thoughts too immunerable to be stacked into so small a space as the above.

NEW VIEWS OF LINCOLN.

A LETTER FROM HIS LAW PARTNER. TILIAM H. HERNDON GIVES A CLOSE INSIGHT INTO LINCOLN'S ASPIRATIONS, METHODS, PHILOSOPHY

AND RELIGION-A LETTER OF MR. LINCOLN. The following letter was written by Abraham Lincoln's former law-partner to a well-known cler-gyman of this city, and has been furnished to The TRIBUNE for publication. It gives a touching picture of the statesman's affection for his parents and solicitude for their welfare, and exhibits some phases of his career as a public man that have not been hitherto revealed. References are made to a letter from Mr. Lincoln to his step-brother, which was enclosed in Mr Herndon's letter, and a copy of which is also herewith given.

Springfield, Ill., November 24, 1882.

My Dear Sir: A new days since I received your kind note, for which please accept my thanks. Inclosed you will find a letter from Abraham Lincoin to John D. Johnson—Lincoln's step-brother—which I promised to give you; it is the only letter which I have left of Mr. Lincoln's; it is a genuine one written by the great man mimself. I have kept the letter up to this day as an evidence that Mr. Lincoln was not an atheist; and had be been one, that iact would not lessen him in my estimation, though not one myself. I had this litter once published, but before so doing I showed it to several of Mr. Lincoln's old and dear friends, who laughed at ne for my credulity in believing that Mr. Lincoln believed in Immortality and Heaven, as stated in the letter; it was said to be merely a message of consolation from a dutiful son to his dying father. However, I had the letter published, and kept the letter as an evidence that Mr. Lincoln was not an atheist. I could have given the letter away many times—could have sold it for money—but I would not part with it. I think the question of his athelam is settled, and now I present it to you. I may say to you that the letter has the ring, it seems to me, of true metal, and yet I give no opinion. You have the letter and the tacts of Mr. Lincoln's life before you, and you can judge as well as I can. I will seen in this letter six you a phase of Mr. Lincoln's life not generally known, and possibly it will not be believed by the worshipping world—i mean here-worshipping world. I have no reference to the worship of the religious soul.

Mr. Lincoln for years supported or helped to SPRINGFIELD, Ill., November 24, 1882.

mean hero-worshipping world. I have no reference to the worship of the religious soul.

Mr. Lincoln for years supported or helped to support his aged father and mother; it is to the honor of Lincoln that he dearly loved his stepmother, and it is equally true that she idolized her step-son. Johnson, to whom the letter is addressed, was Lincoln's step-brother—the son of Mrs. Lincoln by her first husband. Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham, courted his second wife in his youth; she refused to have him; he then centred Nancy Hanks and was married to her. A man by the name of Johnson courted Miss Sarah Bush—Thomas Lincoln's first flame—and married her. About the year 1819 both Mrs. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson died, Lincoln's first flame—and married ker. About the sint and the was accepted, and they were married. Lincoln then in about one year again renewed his suit and it was accepted, and they were married Each had two children by the first marriage and none by the second. John Johnson was an indoient and shiftless tean, a man that was "born treet," and shiftless tean, a man that was "born tired,"
and yet he was an exceedingly clever man, generous, and very hospitable. Limooln deserves great
credit for the care shown his father and mother—
hard cash and warm heart-care. In the very letter
which I give you this care is shown; he says in
the letter: "You Johnson, already know I desire
that neither tather nor mother shall be in want of
any comfort, either in health or in sickness, while
to use my mane, if necessary, to precure a doctor or
anything olse for father in his present sickness."
Dutiful and affectionate son! Noble man! Mr.
Lincoln was very poor at the time this letter was
written, not worth, in property, more than three or
four thousand dollars.

Mr. Lincoln purchased a piece of property in

written, not worth, in property, more than three or four thousand doilars.

Mr. Lincoln purchased a piece of property in Coies County in this State as a home for his tather and mother, and had it deeded in trust for their use and henefit. The aged couple lived in Coles County at the time. I do not now recollect all the particulars, and yet I once did. The records in Coles County will show the facts, if anyone in the future wishes to look the thing further up. Here is exhibiled parental love and duty, backed up by warm affection, care, good credit, land, home and money. This was true and genuine comfort and material aid. It was not all gush, sympathy and tears on paper; it was real, solid, genuine comfort and support, such as we can live upon.

I now wish to give you a phase of Mr. Lincoln's life which is not generally known, nor will it be believed readily by the multitude; and yet it will be true to the leiter and the spirit of his life. He was said to be a very simple-minded man, devoid

be true to the letter and the spirit of his life. He was said to be a very simple-minded man, devoid of the silences and ambitions of life. In this city he was known only to the few. I would advise you hefore you read this letter to read Holland's "Life of Lincoln" at pages 241-2, where you will find many diverse ideas of Mr. Lincoln. Consider it inserted here. Mr. Lincoln was thought, as before sinced, to be a very simple-minded man. He was simple in his dress and manners, shaple in his approach and in his presence. Though this be time, he was a man of quite infinite silences. He was thoroughly and decoly secretive, uncommunicative and close minded, as to his plans, wishes, hopes and fears. His ambition was never satisfied; in him it was a consuming fire which smothered his finer feelings. Here he ran for every legislative office, from was a consuling are which smothered his uner jeenings. Here he ran for every legislative office, from the trusteeship of our then little vidage to the Presidency, and during all that time I venture to say that he never wholly opened himself to mortal creature. He was sceptical, cautious and terriby tions and ends, to no man. I have known men in our office to listen to Mr. Lincoln's conversation for a short while and then exclaim: "Oh, what a simple minded man is Mr. Lincoln! So plain! so

a short while and then exclaim: "Oh, what a simple minded man is Mr. Lincoln! So plain! so unambitions! so confiding!" and the like, when Mr. Lincoln's mind was not in our office but on a hot chase for the end so devoutly to be wished Of all Americans he was, most emphatically, a man of the profoundest, widest and deepest policies. He had his burning and his consuming ambition, but he kept his secrets and opened not.

An interviewer, with the best of intentions in the world, once went to Mr. Lincoln's room in the White House while he was President, and said: "Mr. President, what do you think of the war and its end!" To which Mr. Lincoln politely and laughtingly replied: "That question of yours puts me in mind of a story about something which happened down in Egypt, in the southern part of lifinois." The point of it was that a man basily burned his fingers in being in too much haste. Mr. Lincoln told the story admirably well, walking up and down the room and most heartily laughing all the while. The interviewer saw the point coming at him like the sting end of a hornet. As a matter of course he was cut to the quick, and quickly downstairs he rushed with an oath in his mouth, saving he would "never interview that man again." He was as good as his word, and never tried to interview the President again. And thus it always was with Mr. Lincoln. The man that tried to pump him always found a shut safe, well looked, and the key lost. If a man was ever creat d in this world who did not let his right hand know what his left him always found a shut safe, well locked, and the key lost. If a man was ever creat d in this world who did not let his right hand know what his left hand did or was doing, it was Abraham Lincoln. He was a protound, marvellous and mysterions man to the great majority of men. I indeed the man by his questionings, his manner, his nervousness, his unrest and the play of his features, with their colors, giving a significance to his thoughte and his wishes, a mind's revelation to mind.

While I say that Mr. Lincoln was ambitions, secretive and somewhat selfish, do not infer from those words that he was a dishonest man, nor an ingincero man, nor a hypocrite, nor a mean man, nor a base

words that he was a dishonest man, nor an forincero words that he was a dishonest man, nor an forincero man, nor a hypocrite, nor a mean man, nor a base man. He was, on the contrary, full of honesty, integrity, sincerity, open, fair and candid, when speaking or acting. He was for Lincoln always, but always with Lincoln's intense lonesty. Mr. Lincoln was a wise man, a shrewd man, a longheaded man, full of his own policies. He was a marginal man, always leaving a wide blank on his paper, so that the future might write the future lessons thereon. Mr. Lincoln hated speculation, had no cranks, was not visionary and impracticable. He had relutively ne imagination and no fancy, was material and purely practical. He had paper, so that the future might write the future lessons thereon. Mr. Lincoln hated speculation, had no cranks. was not visionary and impracticable. He had relatively no imagination and no fancy, was material and purely practical. He had one of the very best balanced heads in America; and it was poised well on his shoulders. Henry Clay was his ideal statesman, a purely material and practical mao. Mr. Lincoln's mind was purely logical, and he followed his conclinious to the ultimate end, though the world perished. I never heard Mr. Lincoln harshly condomn any man, nor did I ever hear him praise but two men; one. Thomas Jefferson, on paper; and the other, Henry Clay, in his speech and letters and in his heart. Was this jealousy, or what? I think he cared for principles and not much for men, especially if he did not want to use them for his www ends, which were generally high and noble. Mr. Lincoln had no low cunning, was not a trickster, a mere wirepuller. He scorned and detested all such political arts. His mind required and lived in facts, figures and principles. He was destitute of faith which comes and goes without evidence. His own reason and human experience were his authority, and those only with him were authority.

It is a fact that Mr. Lincoln was a peculiar man, a wonderful, marvellous and mysterious man to the world generally. I was with him well and heaven, and his Hades motaphics. He never asked the opinion or advice of any man. He was self-reliant, self-poised, self-helping and self-assertive, but not dogmatic by any means. He clung like gravity to his own opinions. He was the most continuous and severest thinker in America. He read but little, and that for an end. Politics were his heaven, and his Hades metaphysics. His tendency in philosophy was materialistic; he was an evolutionist; and yet, as the letter now presented to you shows, he believed in God, a Maker, Immortality and Heaven. I am on now advocating any particular opinion on any subject, nor denying one. I am simply stating facts, lettin

man, a long headed man, a wise man, full of poticies? Mr. Lincoin knew that Senator Douglas was in his way in the North, and so he, at Freeport, determined to kill him [politically]. He put a question—and that, too, against his friends' advice and importunities—to Senator Douglas, which he knew the Senator must answer one way or the other, and he further knew that to answer the question either way was death to Douglas—death in the North if he answered one way, and death in the South if another. It was cold, well-calculated death anyway. Douglas answered, and of that answer he died. Again, after Douglas's death, in the North was only Seward to oppose him, and Lincoin determined to kill or outstrip him. Hence his "house divided against itself" speech here in 1858, and his speeches, in Ohio. Lincoin ridiculed when he could Seward's "higher law" idea, scared some of the Republicans with it, and got the confidence somewhat of the extreme Republicans; and in his great Cooper Institute speech in New-York in 1860 he drove the nail in Seward's political coffin. All this was planned and coldly calculated by Lincoin. I know this to be true.

What! this a simple-minded man this a politically "innocent deat" man! this a mere thing without ideas and policies? Away with all such opinions! Look how he treated his Cabinet in the issuance of his great Proclamation of Emancipation. He consulted them simply about little and unimportant matters, and so said to them before he read it. Be decreed to issue it. He simply wanted his Cabinet to hear it read, and that is all. This proclamation was issued as by doom, and what he did was not for the love of the slave or liberty, but to save the

to hear it read, and that is all. This proclamation was issued as by doom, and what he did was not for the leve of the slave or liberty, but to save the Union. It was to preserve his "oath registered in heaven." He kept his oath, saved the Union, and with a quick dash of the military pen he freed four militage of page in

with a quick dash of the military pen he freed four milions of peeple.

In philosophy Mr. Lincoln was a realist as opposed to an idealist, was a sensationalist as opposed to an intuitionalist, a materialist as opposed to a spiritualist, and yet remember what he says in his letter. I said to you in a private letter that Mr. Lincoln was at all times and places and under all circumstances a deeply and a thoroughly religious man, six cerely, firmly, broadly and grandly so. I do not say he was a Christian. I do not say that he was not. I give no opinion the one way or the other. I simply state facts and let each person judge for himself.

I say, in short, in terms of contradiction if you please, that Mr. Lincoln was a perfect and an imperfect man, a strong man and a weak one; but take him all in all, he was one of the best, wisest, greatest and ne blest of men in all the ages.

greatest and no blest of me en in all the ages.

Most respectfully yours. WM H. HERNDON, MR. LINCOLN'S LETTER TO HIS STEP-BROTHER-

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 12, 1851.

DEAR BROTHER: On the day before yesterday I received a letter from Harriet, written at Greenup. Sne says she has just returned from your house, and that father is very low, and will hardly recover. See says she has just returned from your house, and that father is very low, and will hardly recover. She also says that you have written me two letters, and that although you do not expect me to come now, you wonder that I do not write. I received both your letters, and although I have not answered them, it is not because I have forgotten them or been uninterested about them, but because it appeared to me I could write nothing which could do any good. You already know I desire that neither father nor mother shall be in want of any comfort, either in health or sickness, while they live; and I feel sure you have not failed to use my name, if necessary, to procure a doc or, or anything else for father in his present sickness. My business is such that I could hardly leave home now, if it was not as it is, that my own wrife is sick a-bed. I sincere y hope taker may yet receiver his health; but at all events tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and mercical Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He motes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and He will not forget the dying man who cuts his trust in Him. Say to him that if we could meet now, it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant; but that if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a Joyous meeting with many loved ones cone before, and where the rest of us through the help of God, hope ere long to join them.

Write to me again when you receive this. Affeclong to join them.
Write to me again when you receive this. Affec-

INDIVIDUALITY IN A PARLOR CAR.

From a Talk with a Conductor in The Philadelphia Press, From a Talk with a Conductor in The Philadelphia Press. Rescoe Consling generally gets one seat in a drawing-room and he gets all the newspapers he can buy, reads them and throws them all over the drawing-room in a mass, besides he always has a portmantean full of law papers, which he strews all over every seat in the drawing-room. Conking is a very vain traveller and wants everybody in the car to lock at him. New, there's Blaine, he's just the opposite, he always buys the whole drawing-room and shuts himself up, and is a very modest, restring traveler; but Grant is a queer old fellow. When he was President of the United States, he nearly always travelled in a special car, but now, since he has become a private ettizen, he travels just about the same as ordinary folks. You can always find Grant in the rear end of the car in the smoking apartment with a cigar in his month, and ways find Grant in the rear end of the car in the smoking apartment with a cigar in his mouth, and there he sits with a hand on either arm of his char and smokes and smokes, thoroughly oblivious of everybody in the car. He never looks at anyone; sometimes he will look out of the window for hours; when he's not doing that he's glancing over a newspaper. He's indifferent to everything that's going on. Why, if the train he is in stops on the read in the open country for some minutes, he never moves, never impures what's the matter, but sits and smokes stohdly until the train starts, while all the other passengers put their heads out of the windows or get off to see what's gone wrong.

I remember a trip to Chicago Grant made in my car some time ago. His seat was directly behind a lady who was travelling alone—and who, by the

by, knew very little about tracing. So has held wirdow up for some time and it was pretty chilly, besides the black smoke poured into the car. I watched Grant for a little white and I saw he was annoyed as the smoke and the chilly breeze blew right over aim. Presently he got ay, and leaning over the lady's shoulder put his hand on the catch and let the window ash down. The little weman gave an involuntary start and turned round hercely, but Grant never noticed her and drepped back into his chair. After a little while the little lady holsted the window again and some of the passengers who had seen the affair smiled at one another. Then the little woman beckened to me and said: "Conductor, who is that hog back of me?"

"That's General Grant." said I.

"Oh." said the little woman, and she dropped the window immediately. Grant heard the question but never let on, and west on reading his paper as if nothing had happened.

But Oscar Wilde took the cake. Oscar Wilde was But Oscar Wilde took the cake. Oscar Wilde was more bother than all the women who ever rode on a railroad car. He had an idea that he was the greatest man that America had ever seen, and he put on more airs than if he had been the Czar of Russia, the Prince of Spain and the Emperor of Germany all in one. Would you believe it, he paid the porter of the sleeping car to tell people at the stations along the line wherever the train stopped that Oscar Wilde was in the car. He was the vainest, most conceited mule I ever saw. He wouldn't

stations along the line wherever the train stopped that Oscar Wilde was in the ear. He was the vainest, most conceited mule I even saw. He wouldn't drink water out of the glass at the cooler, but sipped it cut of a silver and gold mug he carried with him, and he'd sit with the tips of his fingers pressed together and took up at the roof or the car as if he was about to offer up a prayer.

Herbert Spencer was the most testless traveller I ever saw, and Bob Ingersoli is the best. Wh'n ingersoli enters a car tog on a journey, the first thing he does is to hang up his big slouch hat, then he commences to make himself comfortable, and by the time the train starts he just acts as if he were at home in his study. If there's no one on the train that he snows, it don't take him long to strike up an acquaintance, and everybody seems glad to know him. He's a very jolly and a very liberal traveller—smokes nearly all the time on the cars and always carries a oundle of choice cigars with him. I remember one might there was a freight wreck, and our train had to lay up for three or four hours. It was a terrible night, the wind blew a hurricane, and the rain came down in torrents. Coionel Ingersoll was one of the passengers. Everybody get tired. Nobody could get anybody to talk with him. At last a little Sectehman who was travelling through America sight-seeing, learned who Ingersoil was, just in the humor, and in less than ten minutes everybody in the car crowded around him and listened to him for over two hours, and the passengers seemed so pleased and entertained that they forgot all about the night and the accident.

DEMORALIZING THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"It agin becomes my painful dooty to announce de fack dat death has invaded our ranks," suid the president as the last notes of the triangle died away. "Word has bin received dat Elder Jonn Spooner, of Winchester, Vargunny, am no mo". He jined dis club about two v'ers ago, an' his interes' in it was unabated up to his dyin' hour. In his death we has lost a good man, but we has at de same time gained some walnable experience, in case we feel like accepting it. Elder Spooner believed in de motto: Honesty de best policy; an' his naybur had altogether de best policy; an' his naybur had altogether de bes' of it. He had charity fur all, an' dat kep' his chill en witnout shoes an' his wife tied down to a kaliker dress fur Sanday. His motto was Excelsior, and his Sunday dinner was as this an' hard as sheet-iron.

"Doorin' de summer sezun, when fuel doan' cost nuffin, tolks kin go barfut an' any sort of a man kin airn a dellar a day, it am well 'nuff to hang.' God Bless Cur Home' ober de doah, and spank the chill'en wid a boot-jack labelled: 'Dar am room at de top'; but arter winter has shet down, the man who won't trade proverbs fur taters, and mottoes fur bacon, may unake up his mind to feel hungry haf de time. Elder Spooner was houest, an' darfore poo'. He was conscienshus, an' darfore ragged. He was full of mercy an' pity an' sympathy, an' darfore had the reputashun of ben' weak is de second story. I doan' advise any man to be wicked, but I desire to careleasly remark dat de real good man who am obleeged to tun his paper collars am shunned by society and laffed at by de world."

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

" Benjamin H. Bristow," says Colonel Whar ton, his old friend, " has built up a fine law practic in New-York one of the largest in the country, organ ized, like modern law partnerships, with about fifteer clerks. He cas a large practice with corporations, and in the late Ohio cases beat Mr. Vanderbilt's lawyers on entirely new propositions. Bristow has a certain ball-headedness, but he has a noble mind and an honest head, and does not telerate thieves. He has left some enemic behind him, but no whiskey ring. McDonald, the stealing collector, attacked Grant in a pamphlet and sent it to Bristow to ask if the statements were not true. Bristow wrote on the book, and returned it: enough for me to know that you are a convicted thief and no witness."

I overheard this bit of conversation at Delmonico's What's Freddy Gebhard following the Lily for 'Pshaw, don't be a fool. If New-York can't produc one man of the gallantry to devote himself to the pret tiest woman out of England, what are we coming to:
Are we a nation!" "No," said the other mournfully, hardly a nation with a big N. Maybe Freddy is a patriot."

Richard Mansfield, who has bounded at the age of twenty-seven from obscurity to the side of Stoddard for character acting, is said to be a son of Madanae Rudersdorff, a musician of Boston, and to have at once th genius of Theodore Hook and the tangent character of old Booth. He can recite, improvise, speak bits of several languages, play instruments and throw up engagements like the perfect son of Bohemia. In rehearsing the piece from Feuillet just produced, it is told that Manager Palmer observed Mansfield to be dying apo plectically when he should have died from heart die ease. "Mr. Mansfield, if you will look at your boo sir, you will see that the Baron does not die of ap plexy." "I do," said Mansfield. "Heart disease is th directions, sir." "I die of apoplexy." "Mr. Parselle, rehearse the piece according to the book!" The piece came on with no well-ascertamed idea how Mansfield was to die. He had meantime been studying apoplex; with doctors. He died of it, and awoke to celebrity Genius in disobedience is often true to ark. The san man made the burgomaster's part in "Rip Van Winkle,

Rumor says that Captain William Conner, of John McCullough's management, has a suit in wait against the Spoffords for breach of contract to lease him the St. James Hotel, for which also Divine and Matthews, cierks at the St. James and Albemarie, are bidders, as well as Mr. Walton, the Startevants backing the former This hotel, with 100 rooms, is expected to carn \$1,000 n week rent.

United States Senator Plumb said to me last Tuesday There will be no railroad panic, I think, because ther will be no large general defalcations of interest, as hap pened in 1873, bringing about that panic. Then the railroads were ploneers, made in advance of populatio and production, and could not in the early years earn their interest, while now nearly all railroad building is the extension of lines well established, whose trunk systems project and take care of the ploacer branches meeting the interest easily and raising capital on their bonds. Only the Nickel Plate road has been independently built."

"Mr. Vanderbilt recently said that the consolidation of any great systems like the Reading and Jersey Cen trai with his own would tempt a parallel road to b built like lightning," remarked a growler to me "Now," he continued, "there are two geographical terms to fear: the parallels and the meridians. Some properties are full meridian already; others are being paralleled."

Calvin S. Brice, of this city, though a legal citizen of Ohio, is being spoken of as a candidate for Governor there against the Pendleton-Hoadly combination which consists of Pendleton for the Senate, Hoadly for Governor, and afterward a struggle between Hoadiy and Pendleton for the Presidency, and in the event either's success Allan G. Thurman for Secretary of State. Judge Payne and the young element of Ohio is left out of this combination. General Brice has laid the Ohio Central Raliroad from Toledo to Charleston, West Virginia, and his townsman, the Hon. Charles Lamison, has built a bridge across the Ohlo at Point Pleasant costing \$650,000, in the unexampled time of five nonths. The coal about Charleston is of higher quality extended to Lake Michigan and connected with Mil waukee, and may connect with the Richmond and Alle gheny line. Mr. Brice has a family of young children an elegant home here and in Lima, and the most Roman esque nose in the Christian world. He conceived and surveyed the Nickel Plate.

In short, railroad construction has not ceased. The Sency syndicate has an agent in Washington to obtain the right of way through the Indian Territory, and de sign to build from Albuquerque to their Memphis and on line, thus making the Norfolk and Wester and the Shenendoah Valley Railroads part of a Pacific and Mexican railroad system. The Vanderbilt road through Southern Pennsylvania, already partly con structed, will take up nearly the line of the old stage Pittsburg and run into Baltimore over the Western Maryland road. Lines are being surveyed east and we from Washington City and up the Big Sandy River to the North Carolina coal and iron fields, and to Cherry stone, opposite Nortolk, and even to Boston from New-York. Jay Cooke, jr., and others are canalling the inlets of Florida, new roads are creeping across Arkansas and Southern Missouri and Western Florida and to New Orleans.

A fellow-Senator related to me the cause of Mr. Win dom's Senatorial troubles in Minnesota. He saw Mr. Dunnell, a Maine-born man, who moved to Minnesota after the war, in which Dunnell had been a colonel of the line, seeking to be a Senatorial candidate for his seat. Windom therefore bent Dunnell's renomination for Congress, where he had been six continuous terms As Bardwell Slote remarks, "even the dodo can arise and sting," and attributing a recent investigation of the Whiskey bill to Mr. Windom's tacties, in order to cast a whiskey on to stigms at home upon Dunnell, who had charge of it, the New-England element in Minnesota has run to arms and Windom hovers between the Presidential bee and the bumble bee that stays at home.

The circle of State histories is nearly complete with the labors of the venerable J. T. H. Claiborne to bring out his history of Mississippi in three large volumes at the office of The Clarion newspaper. Mr. Jackson, of that paper, recently remarked to me that volume second was in full MS., and volume third nearly ready, while the first volume, coming down to 1830, is published in excellent style for a country newspaper office. Claiborne is the author of the "Life of General Quitman, and a descendant of the first Governor of Louis;an Arkansas has no published State history; Maine, I think, has no comprehensive one; Ohio has no civil his tory of the past forty years. State histories are amon the most valuable collections to be had; Anglin, of Washington, recently offered \$40 spicce for two small local histories of towns in Maine, originally issued at a dollar. Alexander Hamilton's works of the Issue of 1851 bring \$70, or \$10 a volume.

The Hon. Jerome B. Chaffee, late Senator from Colrade, and whose only child is the wife of U. S. Grant, jr., remarked to me on Friday: "I think General Gran is the most probable man to be elected by the Republi-cans next year, and I do not know if he could be elected." Said Mr. Chaffee furth r: "Grant wrote a elected." Said Mr. Chalce turn F: Grant wrote a letter to Don Cameron saying that his name must be withdrawn if it produced any contention, but Cameron would not produce the letter, and Conkling now possesses it." Mr. Chaffee said: "I will not support any man for President who is not for an inter-State railros aw, for a protective tariff, and for making silver the coin of the realm."

I had a short conversation with the Hon. William Morrison, of filinois, one of the strong and experienced men among the Democracy. Said I: "I see you have elected Cullom to the Senate from Illinois." "Yes. Cullom, without being a very great man, is a pretty cautious and successful one. I imagine that he owes his election to Logan. It was generally supposed that Raum was Logan's man, and it was true that he worked for Raum more lirectly than for Cullom, yet I fancy that Logan rather preferred Cullom to be his colleague. Raum might act for himself in the course of time, while Cullom is pretty sure to act behind Logan as long as he is in the Senate. "Is not Logan more of a man than he gets credit for in some quarters?" "He is. There is no doubt that he has a large following in our State and is the master of the political elements of his party in Illinois. His length of service in the two political parties, his rough-andready strength in peace and war, and his stamina, give him a good deal of respect with the young elements of his party, and with the old too. He is not to be set down

"Who will be the next Speaker of Congress, Mr. Morri-"I think it will be Carlisle. There is a little

ruffling of the temper here and there, from his sudde prominence, yet I think he has a real strength, and that some others, who are apparently in his way, would rather see him Speaker than Randall. I judge that Blackburn will vote for Carlisle rather than see Randall elected. There is some little reason for Blackburn's dis-affection; he ran against Randali before, and perhaps is a triffe jealous of seeing the newspapers bring Carlisle out and ignore him. I think that Carlisle ought to be elected because he will take all the material that is in Congress on our side and work it up to the best showing for the party. Randall did not do that when he was elected Speaker. He drew a line against those who did perience who ought to have been produced for the ben-efit of the organization and for strong legislation. If Carlisie is elected Mr. Randall will not be put in the rear. I judge he will be made chairman of the Appro-priations Committee, where he can show the best that is in his experience. That is what we ought to elect the so in an experience. That is what we ought to elect the speaker upon, the principle of superior organization and efficiency for the majority in Congress. I think that the new Congress will take that view, and perhaps conclude that Mr. Carlisle, who is without animosities, will develop the test marshalship in the Democratic party, so that legislation will respond to the wants of the time."

"Was not your district gerrymandered, Mr. Morrison, to defeat you last fall?" "Yes, but I got 2,300 majority. to defeat you last fall?" "Yes, but I got 2,300 majority. The tide ran my way and made up losses designed to be inflicted on me. I ran very strongly up about Alton in the oid Lovejoy district." "What is your origin, Mr. Morrison!" "My family were Scotch-Irish and came from about Meadville in western Pennsylvania. There were five brothers who went to the West; from one of them are descended Don Morrison, a wealthy Democrat of St. Louis, and Chief-Justice Morrison of California. My grandfather married into that old Creole population about Kaskaskia, the ancient French capital of Illi-nois, where I was born." "Are you a candidate for Speaker!" "No, I am not making any movement in that direction. You probably infer that I am from a state-ment that Blackburn said he would support me if Carisle would."

"Mr. Morrison, how does Illinois stand toward McDonald for President!" "The young men in the Democracy of Illinois have entertained a very kindly feeling of recent years toward the Indiana Democratic leaders. They gave Hendricks good support whenever he came up for President. The same class is again very well disposed toward McDonald. There is an older class of Illinois Democrats which has never since the Douglas days looked favorably upon the Indiana leaders. You see the Wabash Valley makes a good deal of Illinois ommon country with Indiana, and induces neighboriy feeling. There McDonald is well thought of and often comes to practise law at Springfield and Chiengo; and he is a good, fair lawyer, tos. My like is." said Mr. Morrison," that the Eastern element, which has been around Tilden and Randall, will go to McDonald if they can get what they want and cannot have one of their own men from the East. I refer to such men as Barnum, of Connecticut. I think, very likely, if they cannot produce a man to order in the East, they will take a favorable view of McDonald. The trading element among Western Democrats has generally been found in Ohio. There has been no intriguing in Illinois, and hardly any west You see that Ohio is already getting into a squabble for the next Presidency. There is Judge Puyne, of Cleveland, coming forward with his tariff speech. Fourteen years ago the contest between Hendricks and Pendleton began the ill-feeling by which the party has long been the loser."

A Boston man remarked to me: "I do not think the Republicans understood the influences attempted to be wrought by Senstor Hoar's defeat; he was the last Northern man upon principle in the Senate. His father was mobbed in South Carolina and 'protected' by a Severnor who wanted to get him out of the State nearly forty years ago, that Governor being the Northern-sired man, James H. Hammond, and the unaccomplished errand of the elder Hoar remains unaccomplished yetprotection for colored citizens of Massachusetts on South Carolina soil. The South will push a Northern man as far as he will back-no further. Not a man but Hoar is In that Senate of any traditional Northern incentives to resist what Sumner called 'the bloody monster.' On every side the North is being pressed, and not a point yielded in any Southern balliwick. The pusillanimous and philosophical Anglo-German school of Republicans who can create nothing and end with destroying all that others have created, wanted to pull Hoar down because he would not leave the traditions of freedom for the formulations of economical empirics. He won at last, and Massachusetts has not been driven out of the

Edward McPherson, Clerk of Congress, said to me recently: "Thaddeus Stevens was an enthusiast; they are the men who create undesired results. I had a glimpse of Dorman B. Eaton but the other day, and I judge he is last, and yet neither party wanted it. The Democrats twitted the Republicans with not passing it, and they, ore under their defeat, drew back and let it se pressed, and then the Democrats had to follow them up. you think it will effect anything?" "Yes, I do. Ever so slight a preparation required takes away the majority of and no more, and demanding examinations, removes the chance of immediate appointment which is the great cause of the rushing hither. I think the members of Congress feel relieved now that there is a law to point all applicants to and to say: 'You cannot now get in through my influence.'"

Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia, is outte bold since the election to disparage Governor Pattison, particularly since he committed the unpardonable sin to a Cell of appointing another one of the race, Levis C. Cassidy, o the office of Attorney-General. But before the election Mr. Dougherty made desperate attempts to wriggle out of an interview where he said precisely what he now says: that Pattison has been running for office ever since he was twenty-two and has no breadth of fame to be Governor, etc. All this may be jealousy of a fellow Irish lawyer's promotion, and that is the loftlest key of motive struck by the shallow Daniel. Cassidy was born in New-York City, and only lacked originally good associations to have been a man of sincerity equal to his intellect. I heard him make a speech in 1861 after returning from the Charleston Convention, and I never lost the impression that a man of power and of instincts better than his associations resided there, and now I smile to see old referees at Montana prize-fights and bleaching carcasses from the Harrisburg lobby reflect on Cassidy for going to a prize-fight when a boy. It almost tempts me to say, " Look twice at the boy who never wanted to go to a prize-fight."

A broker told me that winter watering-places are coming into such request that a large hotel among the pince of Tom's River is full at the present time, and has been since the holidays.

Signs multiply that Grant is to be brought forward, if possible, for President again. The day after be appeared at Washington the Appraiser's office here was given to one of his military friends, and it involves half a million of patronage, enough to pay the opening ex-penses of the fourth-term boom, as the present term be-longs to the same coterie. The open advocacy of Grant by his family adherents and old band of lobby followers shows that the fears of the Republican party are to be operated upon to the furthest limit and the cry sounded that nobody can be elected, and after that is well assimilated the whisper will be: "Perhaps Grant might accept." Perhaps Barkis never was willin'.

Not a drum is heard nor a funeral note among the Democratic Congressmen at Washington in favor of Bea Butler for President. I went through a large number of them sounding the muddy depths with a sucker lead, and at the word Butler ghastly bubbles tive response was, "Him! H-!!" bbles rose and the allitera

"Sam" Randall expects confidently to be the next Democratic candidate for President, to conserve the Tariff interest, which, he foresees, will play the part it did in 1880 again. He has got Pennsylvania pretty firmly, only the stipendiaries of the old railroad interest there fighting him. Through Cassidy he has got the ineligible Governor. His old enemy, Wallace, has gone to railroading in the Clearfield coal field for Vanderbilt, and will scarcely disturb him more. He will poli the Tilden interest in New-York and the Barnum interest in New-England, and have against McDonald a part of Ohio, and Maryland, and the gratitude of the South, fee he was opposed to the war for the Union while McDonald betrayed the Knights of the Golden Circle to Government Morton. Republication of the Colden Circle to Government Morton. ernor Morton. Randall will get New-Jersey, too, through his family connections. He is outnumbered for the Speakership, but the majority is so divided by a parcel of tomtits running for Speaker on their co alone that Randall will hold the belm and utter the cry terrible to Celts since the battle of the Boyne: "Croppi

"PERDU."—Visitor: "Oh, ho! Here you are! Found you out! What a eng little den!" Recluse (chuck-ling): "Yes, here I am, with my pictures and my books; and here I can at and read all day long and nobedy a his thewiser!"—(Punch.